

"Hendy's"

Northern Spasms

by

W. R. Henderson

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PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

MANITOBA

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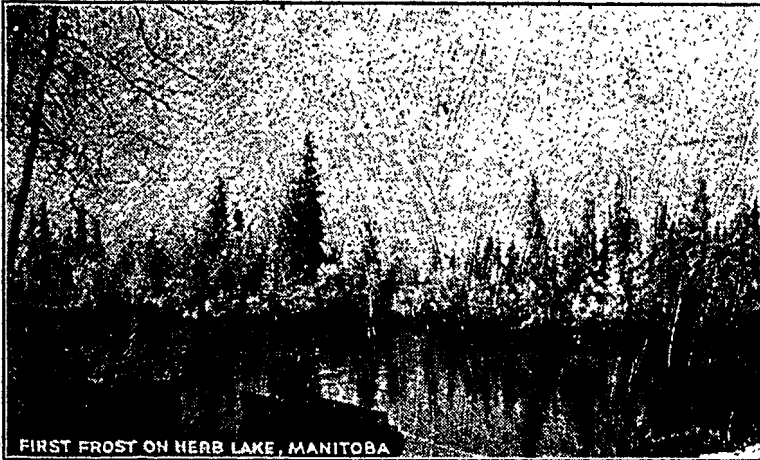
CLASSIFICATION

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"HENDY'S"

NORTHERN SPASMS



FIRST FROST ON HERB LAKE, MANITOBA

TOPICAL VERSES

OF A

TYPICAL COUNTRY

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS.
 Topical Verses of a Typical Country.
 By W. R. Henderson. (Printed by
 the "Flin Flon Miner.") In his
 Foreword to this pamphlet of Verse,
 Mr. Henderson says that some of it
 "is good, some bad, and some in-
 different." That comment pretty
 much sizes up the contents of
 "Northern Spasms"—and yet it
 needs a little qualification: most
 of the verse is jingles; some is
 really not very good; but in three
 pieces, "The Northland," "To a
 Banana in the North," and "Day
 Dreams," is work that shakes off
 mediocrity and shows traces of
 marked facility with rhyme and
 thought. Technically, perhaps the
 difficulty is lack of patience in con-
 fining a line to its proper number
 of syllables; and, within the line,
 preserving the rhythm by retaining
 a suitable system of strong and
 weak stresses. The work gives a
 homely, but graphic, description of
 aspects of life in our own Mani-
 toban North.

Jan. 2/32

W. R. P. Book Page

Clay

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

Foreword

In publishing this my second book of "Spasms" I am acting at the request of a large number of friends in the great north land.

My first book, (Hendy's Eastern Spasms) was published in the Federated Malaya States in 1921 and met with considerable success. Friends in Malaya who have kept in touch with me since my return to Canada have been kind enough to say that periodic readings of my verses in later years have brought many happy memories and that in itself has made the publication of the book worth while. I know that a glance through those verses takes me back to many happy days spent in the tropics and conjures up recollections of friends who, though lost to sight, are to memory dear.

To those who know the Northern Manitoba mines, lakes and camps, the present book should recall people met with in the healthiest, wealthiest and most promising territory in the wide world.

To those who have not had the good fortune to visit this wonderful northland, I hope my verses will give a slight idea of the life up here.

Some of the verse is good, some bad, and some indifferent, but each has its own following and therefore I send them all out in the world with the hope that all may be acceptable.

W. R. HENDERSON,

"HENDY"

Flin Flon, Manitoba

Canada.

1st August, 1931

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS



"HENDY'S"
NORTHERN
SPASMS

— BY —

W. R. HENDERSON



FLIN FLON MINER

— Printers —

FLIN FLON — MANITOBA
CANADA

THE NORTHLAND

Herb Lake, 1924

Away to the shores of Wekusko,
Aaway from all civilized signs;
I went with my pack on my shoulders
Away to the northern mines.

Away from the powder and lipstick,
Away from the flappers' sweet ken;
I went with my pack on my shoulders
Away to the haunts of real men.

Away where the moose and the musk ox,
The wolves and the caribou roam;
I went with my pack on my shoulders
Away from the place I called home.

Away from my friends in the city;
Away from my friends on the farm;
I went with my pack on my shoulders
Away to that country of charm.

Away from the civilized places,
I felt like a very small child;
But I still went on with my packsack
For I'd heard "the call of the wild."

The rocks and the muskeg allured me,
My body and soul had been sold,
For a passion that never will leave me,
A mad, insane passion for gold.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

I've tramped through the snows in the winter
And rested at night where I fell;
I've tramped through the muskeg in summer
When the flies and mosquitoes were hell.

I've shared in the last beans and bacon
A trapper divided with me;
I've shared with a chance prospector,
The last of my sugar and tea.

I've thought of my life in the city,
Where I lived in a first-class hotel,
And I've pitied those I left behind me,
The difference is heaven and hell.

For the men of the Northland are real men
Whose birthrights are physique and health,
Don't compare them with men in the city
With their weak-chested scramble for wealth.

The friendships up north are real friendships
And the men are real men, young or old;
Who pick up the true Christian spirit
While they are prospecting for gold.

The man who finds gold's never happy
And seldom if ever has wealth,
But the man who remains in the Northland
Has God's greatest blessing; that's health.

I've got to go back to the city
And oh, how I hate city life;
But I'm coming back with a partner,
A partner for all time—my wife.

Then away to the shores of Wekusko,
Away from all civilized signs,
We'll go back with our packs on our shoulders
Back; back to the northern mines

THE TRAPPER'S OUTDOOR LIFE

Flin Flon, 1928

The trees have dropped their summer green;
The insects stopped their humming;
The lakes and rocks look dull and bare -
'Tis the sign of winter's coming.

The prospector banks up his shack,
And chinks between the logs;
He caches his canoe and tools,
And whistles for his dogs.

He gathers up his hunting traps;
His sleeping bag and gun,
And heads into the Northern Wilds,
Where furry creatures run.

He bids good-bye to all his friends,
To face the winter's wrath;
With but his dog for company,
In the barren lands up north.

St. Nicholas will welcome you,
And bring you Christmas cheer
Ere spring time comes to bring again
This hardy pioneer.

You'll doubtless have your comfort,
And gain a little wealth;
But I doubt if when the spring comes round,
You'll have the trapper's health.

You're welcome to your comforts,
Your city stress and strife;
But give to me the northern wilds,
And the trapper's outdoor life.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

TO ROWLAND AND MRS. JENNER ON THE 22ND
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING, JULY 28, 1925

Herb Lake, 1925

Dear friends, it seems it can't be true,
That you've passed mile post twenty-two,
On the trail of married life.
If there's a gift in this great land
That's better than a good husband,
It's surely a good wife.

You must have had the pleasant nods
That show the favor of the Gods
When they distribute joys;
No doubt, you've had your tough times too,
But those tough times will seem but few
Compared with your four boys.

You've had your share of ups and downs,
In mining camps and prairie towns,
And sometimes you've been sad:
But, after all your work and strife,
You can look back on married life
And know your hearts are glad.

In spite of all you have gone through,
There's still a lot for you to do
Before your labors cease;
You've brought two boys to manhood's door
But you have still to train two more,
Then comes reward and peace.

Up in the Northland we believe,
That ultimately you'll receive
The joys you've labored for;
God bless and keep you well and strong
O'er the married trail as you pass along
To mile post ninety-four.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

TO A BANANA IN THE NORTH

Flin Flon, 1928

I wonder if we've met before
In some far distant place;
Where, as I passed along, you may
Have recognized my face.

The members of your family,
There, on their parent trees,
I've seen in countless thousands
On the shores of tropic seas.

I wonder where you came from,
Perhaps you're a Malay
From Singapore, or Borneo,
Or maybe Sourabay.

You may have come from Africa,
Or India's coral strands,
Or Panama, or Egypt,
Or various other lands.

I wonder if your parent tree,
Thought, after you had gone,
That you'd go north of fifty-three
And settle in Flin Flon.

You prob'ly grew close to the shore,
'Mongst other fruits inferior;
But now, good bye, your finish
Will be in my interior.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

DAY DREAMS

Flin Flon, Man. 1928

I'm sitting alone in the northland
Dreaming of tropical climes,
Where I numbered my friends by the hundred
And I lived through some wonderful times.

To Port Said, and Aden, and Malta,
To Hong Kong, Penang and Peru,
My thoughts fly away on the ether
As I vision the boys that I knew.

There's "Mac" far away out in China
Who always met me with a smile,
And the good chums I met in Malaya
Who made life out there worth the while.

There's Bill who was my chum in Chile,
And Archie I knew in Peru;
To have that gang once more around me,
There's little that I wouldn't do.

They're out in those tropical places,
On the shores of those tropical seas,
And their systems are rotting with fever
As they pray God to send a cool breeze.

I've seen all your palms and your jungles;
I've met the monsoon in its wrath,
You can keep them out there, and just leave me
With Dame Nature, here in the north.

Where the snow and the frost in the winter
Are a tonic you can't buy with wealth
And the wonderful climate in summer
Assures the great blessing of health.

I'm happy and almost contented,
But when I'm alone, there are times
That my thoughts wander over the ocean
To my pals in the tropical climes.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

THE ROYAL PAIR

Flin Flon, 1928

Into the distant Northland,
Into the ice and snow,
Two pioneer bankers came,
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

Into the wilds of Flin Flon
Where the mining maggots grow,
Those two intrepid bankers came
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

They opened up the Royal Bank
In a manner far from slow,
With a dinky little office:
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

But when the sun had gone to rest
They tried to rest also,
And very nearly froze to death:
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

They'd come from comfortable homes
And therefore did not know,
The necessity for feather robes:
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

The "doc" took them to hospital,
And eased their grief and woe,
By putting them in patients' cots;
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

Five months have passed away since then
And today, you wouldn't know
Two bronzed and hard baked bankers called
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

They're part and parcel of the North,
And if you're short of dough;
Just call and get acquainted with
McCurdy and Mike Clow.

They tell me that they're both engaged
To girls we do not know,
But we hope some day to welcome here,
Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Clow.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

"MA"

Film Flon, 1928

In a camp way north of "53",
In a cozy shaded dell,
Lives a jolly white haired widow,
Called by everyone, "Ma Bell".

She's known to every mining man
Who's been north of The Pas;
And each one speaks of kindnesses,
That they've received from "Ma".

I've known of men who were down and out,
And on their road to hell,
Who took a brighter look on life,
After talking with "Ma Bell".

She cares naught for religion,
Color, sect or creed,
She treats each one with kindness,
Whether Indian, White or Breed.

You may have lived your life in church,
Or in a prison cell,
You'll be met with equal kindness,
By your dear old friend, "Ma Bell".

Her door is ever open,
And it's always worth the while,
To step inside and vision,
This dear old lady's smile.

As I wander on, o'er life's stiff trail,
My immortal soul I'd sell,
To be sure that in old age I'd have,
A nature like "Ma Bell".

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

TRUE HAPPINESS

Herb Lake, 1925

Three sturdy Swedes went through the weeds,
Some mining claims to stake;
They boarded Axel Nordin's boat,
And sailed for Sandy Lake.

Now Charlie was the captain bold,
Axel, the engineer;
While Nels looked after tent and grub,
But took along no beer.

The lake was very wet that day,
But the crew was very dry.
'Ere we cut loose, go get some snoos,"
They heard the captain cry.

The motor started off, phut, phut,
But the speed of the boat was laggin',
When the captain shouted out to Nels,
"Here pass the Copenhagen."

He ordered the crew both here and there—
His voice was cruel and gruff;
'Till all at once his orders ceased,
His mouth was full of snuff.

They may not stake a mining claim;
They may not kill a moose;
But they'll have a good time anyway,
They're well supplied with "snoos."

THE LURE OF THE NORTH

Flin Flon, 1928

I came here and bought half a section,
And I grubbed and I ploughed and I hoed,
For three weary years, then I shed bitter tears
As I figured the money I owed.

The first year I broke fifteen acres,
In the spring I put that into grains,
But the rust and the blights and the cold, frosty nights
Left me nothing to show for my pains.

The third year we'd promising weather,
But nevertheless the crop failed;
We got lots of rain and had oceans of grain
But we lost the whole lot when it hailed.

I'm going to the northland tomorrow;
They say it's a country of charm,
Where a man if he's bold, can get oodles of gold,
So I'm saying "good-bye" to the farm.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

TO THE NORTHERN KID

Flin Flon, 1928

You're fifteen years old my lad
And unless you are a fool,
You've learned all you require to learn,
From the teacher at the school.

Get out and gain experience,
And take the world's hard knocks
'Mongst the he-men north of fifty-three,
'Midst the muskegs and the rocks.

In the summer go prospecting,
You'll find a mine perhaps,
But you'll have to make your grubstake
In the winter, with your traps.

You'll have no automobile,
You'll meet with no road hogs,
As you head into the northland,
With your team of husky dogs.

The only flappers you will meet
Will be some Indian squaws,
You'll attend no necking parties,
You'll obey all nature's laws.

And when old age comes to you,
You'll meet it with a smile,
In the knowledge that your sojourn here,
Has been well worth the while.

TO MARY McINTOSH, HERB LAKE, 1925

Mary had a little frog,
A cunning little feller,
He jumped right out of Mary's hand,
And hopped into the cellar.

Now Mary thinks her frog's alive,
The reason is a joke—
She says she knows he can't be dead,
She hasn't heard him croak.

THE TALE OF A SWING HORSE

Flin Flon, Christmas, 1927

If there's a God in heaven,
And there is a God, of course;
He alone has mercy,
On a northern freighting horse.

A prairie farmer raised me,
And my heart with gladness sings;
When I think of all those happy days,
'Ere I joined the northern swings.

But when my master lost his crop
They took all his resources,
And I heard him heave a bitter sigh,
As they auctioned off his horses.

A northern freighter bought me,
I was loaded on a train;
With just a little hay to eat,
And hardly any grain.

They took me to the northland,
And when I left the train,
'Twas rocks I saw instead of grass,
And snow instead of rain.

I spent one night in comfort—
As cosy as a king—
But in the morn, I took my place,
Out with a northern swing.

I'd never shirked my duty,
I'd always done my part,
Of any work assigned to me;
With a glad and willing heart.

But horses have their limit,
And, on a frozen road,
No horse, however willing,
Can haul a double load.

All through the day 'till after dark,
Beneath the Northern Lights,
We hauled, and tugged and strained ourselves,
And were tied to trees at nights.

Our teamster used us kindly
Along that irksome road,
But we were on a northern swing,
And we had to haul our heavy load.

Ten days of soul destroying work;
Then we reached a northern mine;
With food and comforts for the men —
We slept beneath a pine.

Ere daylight broke, we started off,
Back o'er that dismal trail;
To load up for another trip—
My heart began to fail.

I hear a voice; "well done poor brute,"
Is the message that it brings,
From he who has some mercy on
The horses on the swings.

I hear the welcome call of God,
I see the angels' wings;
Dear God have mercy on my mates
That work on northern swings.

THE REAL OLD TIMER

The Pas, 1926

Who's optimistic all the while?
Who always wears a winning smile?
And who will some day make his pile?
Dad Taylor.

Who never yet was known to knock,
Another's claim, another's rock?
Who boosts each time you hear him talk?
Dad Taylor.

Who knows the game from A to Z?
Who knows the signs from gold to lead?
Who, in all matters keeps his head?
Dad Taylor.

Who, to his friends will ne'er be cold?
Whose heart's as good as high grade gold?
Who's always young although he's old?
Dad Taylor.

Who travels with the real live wires?
And on the portage never tires?
Who'll do more than his share requires?
Dad Taylor.

Who'll go in company or alone?
Without a sigh, without a moan,
Who's called by all "One of God's own?"
Dad Taylor.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

BILL AND DAN

Flin Flon, 1929

Great hunting songs were written
Of Nimrod and his skill;
But Nimrod was a piker,
When compared with Dan and Bill.

They started off one evening,
To try and get a goose,
A mud hen or a partridge,
And arrived home with a moose.

They had a busted rifle,
A gun without a sight,
And some rotten ammunition,
When they started off that night.

They spied a little mud hen
Cavorting on the water,
So Bill took up the rifle
With his mind intent on slaughter.

He fired enough shots at her
To blow her to perdition,
But ere he hit that mud hen,
He ran short of ammunition.

He'd the last shot in the rifle
And was ready to cut loose,
When Dan was heard to holler out,
"Great Gordon, there's a moose."

Now a moose is not an animal
That's easy to be got;
And Bill had just a sightless gun,
And but a single shot.

He got a bead upon the moose
As near as he could figure,
Then sent a prayer up skywards,
As his finger pressed the trigger.

The gun missed fire, and there stood Bill
As foolish as a goose;
While o'er the lakes was wafted,
A horse laugh from the moose.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

Twice more Bill cocked the hammer,
Twice more the hammer fell,
But there was no explosion;
And the boys sure cursed like h.....!

To miss a chance of meat galore,
Seemed to be their fated lot,
When Bill made up his mind to try,
One farewell, parting shot.

The hammer fell, the gun went off;
The moose went off as well;
But ere it went a hundred yards,
It staggered and then fell.

To kill with rotten cartridges,
Fired from a sightless gun,
Is just a little more I think
Than Nimrod could have done.

SCUM

The Pas, 1926

Of all the creatures in the world,
The snail is sure the slowest;
And of all the vermin on God's earth,
The spotter is the lowest.

He's never read the Golden Rule;
He cares naught for religion;
He's neither flesh, nor fowl, nor fish,
But merely a stool pigeon.

He cannot look you in the eye,
And never plays the game,
Within the rules of honest men,
And he glories in his shame.

To tempt his fellow man to crime,
Is the one aim of his life;
He crawls upon you from behind,
And stabs you with his knife.

But, in the great hereafter,
The spotter won't have wings,
Although God must have made him,
As he made all creeping things.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

GOD

Flin Flon, 1928

I try to figure it all out,
As I lie in camp at nights.
With the trees and wolves for company,
'Neath the wond'rous Northern Lights.

I think of the heathens' idols,
And the Chinese with their joss;
The Hindus and the Moslems,
Beneath the Southern Cross.

The Protestants and Catholics,
Mohammedans and Jews,
Each hold their faith against the rest,
According to their views.

I've met with men of diverse faiths,
In north, south, east and west,
And I am not prepared to say,
That one of them is best.

I've met with white men amongst the blacks,
And black amongst the white,
As I travelled from the Southern Cross,
To the wondrous Northern Lights.

I learned of Buddha in the East,
Of Christ in Sunday School,
But I can only see one creed;
That of the Golden Rule.

Live and let live, and face the world
With joyous words and laughter,
And I don't think you need worry,
About the dim hereafter.

Whene'er I've had a chance to help,
A lame dog o'er a stile,
It seems to me the effort,
Was always worth the while.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

I know not what the power is,
But when I go to rest,
I'm happy and contented,
If I know I've done my best.

All that I know and you know, too,
As we go to sleep at nights,
Is some power made the Southern Cross,
And the wond'rous Northern Lights.

TO DR. J. H. HUTCHINSON

Flin Flon, 1928

Doc: When you leave me in the North
And go to the outside,
My thoughts will travel with you
Through the world so large and wide.

I'll often speak of pleasant times
Spent in your company,
When I knew you as our doctor,
Way north of fifty-three.

I haven't had much sickness,
No broken bones to mend;
Still I liked you as our doctor,
And loved you as a friend.

You always held your end up,
In our good natured chaff,
And the world will hardly be the same
Without your jovial laugh.

May your future be a bright one,
Your existence be carefree;
May you make as many friends out there,
As north of fifty-three.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

A NORTHERN PARADISE

Herb Lake, 1925

There's a spot in the north known as Herb Lake,
Undiscovered by churches or preachers;
But evertheless, it's a leaven on earth
In the summer, when crowded with teachers.

Some are tall, some are short, some are stout, some are
lean,

Some are serious, others are witty.

Some are blonde, some are brunette, but you'll sure win
your bet

If you gamble that each one is pretty.

Prospectors and trappers; boys, youths and old men,
Are in love with these charming young creatures.
And wherever men gather, you'll find that the talk,
Is something connected with teachers

The bachelors gather and fight 'mongst themselves,
Though nobody knows why the fight is.

The fact of the matter is, all of the boys,
Are suffering acute teacheritis.

TO A FLIN FLON BANKER

Flin Flon, 1929

Dear "Mac" as you start on the trail
That leads through married life
May the path be ever straight and smooth
For you and your good wife.

May the meat supply be plentiful,
The lakes well filled with fishes,
May your wife live long to comfort you
And you to wash the dishes.

I profit by your experiences,
The soft ones and the brittle ones;
And on the trail of married life,
May your troubles all be little ones.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

TO A CERTAIN COLLEGE BOY.

Flin-Flon, 1928

Go out upon the campus
And give your college yell,
Or watch a game of football,
And think you're raising hell.

Get hold of some young flapper
And treat her to a snort,
Then park your car and neck her,
And fancy you're a sport.

Get all your pals together,
Show you don't care a hang,
For anyone on God's earth
When you're backed up by the gang.

While your dad provides the money,
Get out and have your fling;
'Cause after leaving college
You'll find life a different thing.

The chances are you'll wish that you
Had started years ago
To find out by experience,
What he-men ought to know.

If you'd buckled on your armour,
And faced the world alone,
At twenty, you'd have been a man,
Instead of being a drone.

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

BIG GAME HUNTING IN THE NORTH

Herb Lake, 1926

In the Northland were three mighty hunters,
I'll tell you a tale of the same;
They started out one day from Herb Lake
Determined on bagging big game.

Ere they got to the shores of Wekusko,
Jack Herrington shouted in fright,
"There's game right in front so be careful—
Look out, Hendy there on the right!"

They had neither guns, spears nor arrows,
Theses hunters intrepid and free,
But they boldly advanced on their quarry,
And the massive brute climbed up a tree.

Excitement was then manifested;
Their shouts caused a terrible din,
As Herrington climbed up a tree trunk,
And in climbing barked half of his shin.

The brute took a nose dive and landed,
Half stunned, but unhurt, on the ground,
And it looked as if it's time had come then,
With Hone and the P. M. around.

The beast ran to cover and hid there,
With Hone running close on its track;
But ere that brave hunter could reach it,
The animal doubled right back.

It charged toward "Hendy" undaunted,
But the P. M. was startlingly quick
At getting away from its death grip,
And looking around for a stick.

Jack Hone had retreated behind sir,
Through the snow, and the mud, and the slush,
And there, unprotected he stood, sir,
In the path of the monster's fierce rush.

'HENDY'S' NORTHERN SPASMS

The animal stopped in his charge sir,
And Hone made a speedy advance;
But the brute started off once again sir,
And rushed 'tween the legs of Jack's pants.

The animal made it's escape sir,
It sounds like the dream of a drunk,
But it all happened just as I've stated,
The day that we chased the chipmunk.

THE SLOPPY ROAD TO FLIN FLON

Flin Flon, 1927

Try the rocky road to Dublin on an Irish jaunting car,
Or the road to Mandalay, inside a coach;
But never try the portage from the Landing to Camp two
On the box seat of a cart with Mick o' Roach.

I've travelled on the highways of all countries on the
earth;

I've tried them all, the north, south, west and east,
And some of them are wonderful and some of them are
not,

But the sloppy road to Flin Flon's sure a beast.

I'm very fond of horses and therefore did not ride,
But tramped the sixteen miles, right through the mire,
And if anybody tells you, I enjoyed that little walk,
Just tell him nice and gently, he's a liar.

When I'd covered half the distance, I was wet and sad
and tired,

With a thirst that would have satisfied a brewery;
And I kept that awful feeling over all that long, long
trail,

'Till I saw the smiling face of Peter Dewry.

Two Gov'ments are responsible for laying out that road,
And doubtless think they did it fairly well;
They should give up building highways on this vale of
tears,

And build a road to take them all to Banff.

"HENDY" S" NORTHERN SPASMS

OUR TOMMY (Tune of "Tommy Atkins")

Flin Flon, 1928

He travelled by the train up to The Pas,
And from there by snow-mobile, he travelled on,
O'er lakes and portages, inside that car,
He rode until he landed at Flin Flon.
It doesn't matter where he was before,
We've only got our lucky stars to thank,
That they sent him up to us
In that caterpillar bus,
And Tommy opened up a chartered bank.

Chorus:

Oh, it's Tommy, Tommy Heyland,
You are just the proper sort,
To come into the Northland
Where we recognize a sport,
Who can make himself hail fellow,
And can do the things we do;
God bless you Tommy Heyland,
Here's the best of luck to you.

I've tried to show our feelings in a verse,
And although you may consider poetry slow,
I think you'll find my next few lines
Especially if I hit you up for dough.
I'd like to borrow fifty thousand cold,
Before I bring this piffle to an end:
And although it may sound funny,
If I do not get the money,
I'll still consider you a worthy friend.

THE TRIP OF THE ONE-O-ONE

Tune — "The Wreck Of The 99"

He got orders from Zapp at Flin Flon, Manitoba,
Who said, "It must be done.
You've fifteen minutes to make 83, Bill;
And you're driving the One-o-one."

There's not a mile of track from Winnipeg to Flin Flon
Bill Fuller has not run.
And what can be done with any other engine,
We can do with the One-o-one.

Bill Fuller looked at his long, lanky fireman,
Said, "Shovel in a little more dust,
There's a dinky stalled at the old winter siding,
But we'll make 83 or bust!"

As they passed 84 she was rolling and a-chugging
When Stubbs was heard to scream,
"The coal's all gone and the fire's dying out Bill,
The One-o-one is out of steam!"

Bill Fuller said, "a little thing like that, Stubbs,
Will never bother me,
We can run to the station on the Fuller reputation."
So they rolled along to 83.

The pool-room keepers, bootleggers and gamblers,
All got there on the run,
And in just twelve minutes they welcomed into Channing
Bill Fuller and his One-o-one.

Sung by the Flin Flon Minstrels in 1930

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

TO THE MINE WHISTLE

Flin Flon, 1928

Oh how I hate the sound of you;
You nearly drive me mad,
In the early hours of morning,
When my thoughts are blue and sad.

I turn around and snuggle up,
And wish you were in h....!
When, ere my mind's made up to rise,
I hear the breakfast bell.

I dress in fifteen seconds dead,
And rush to the old cook shack,
Where I gobble down my mush and ots,
Then slowly saunter back.

I fasten up my long, laced boots —
The lace breaks with a jerk;
And while I'm busy cursing,
Your sound calls me to work.

For four long hours and a half,
I toil like any sinner;
Until I hear your welcome voice,
Inviting me to dinner.

'Tis then I bless your brazen tones,
And rush off home, pell mell,
But shortly after that again,
I wish you were in h.....!

The engineer grabs hold of you,
And gives the chain a jerk,
Which causes you to holler out—
"Go back you slave to work."

Once more I toil and sweat and curse,
In language vile and dirty;
Until at last I hear you call, —
"Go home boys, it's five-thirty."

"HENDY'S" NORTHERN SPASMS

You're just like us poor humans,
You live 'twixt love and hate;
You're sworn at if you're early,
And cursed at if you're late.

Sometimes your voice is welcome,
At others the reverse,
But you do your duty nobly,
When you make us laugh and curse.

**TO MAY V. HENDERSON, NEE ANDERSON ON HER
16TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, OCT. 25TH., 1928**

Flin Flon, 1928

Would you have signed your name away,
If you had chanced to know
What the future held in store for us,
Just sixteen years ago?

Would you have dropped the small word "An"
And substituted "Hen,"
If someone had informed you,
Of our future prospects, then?

Do you wish that you had thought again,
Before you did the deed;
And answered "yes" when questioned by
The Reverend Doctor Reid?

In sixteen years we've had our share,
Of life's strange ups and downs,
In far off tropic jungles,
And nearby prairie towns.

We've seen the world we live in;
And taking it all through,
I'd like to live it o'er again,
Now honest, wouldn't you?

HARDSHIP

Flin Flon, 1928

'Twas in the year of '28
That the Pharasees and Medes
Got het up and excited
At the unrest 'mongst the Swedes.

Like their brother, Lucky Lindberg;
They were all up in the air,
And the surly way they acted
Would make anybody swear.

They moped and grumbled through the day;
They went without their feeds,
And generally cut up
Like a bunch of crazy Swedes.

The super spoke to Ole,
"Come, let me know your needs,
And tell me, for the love of Mike,
What's gone wrong with all you Swedes?"

Ole answered "Yumping Yiminy,
It's no wonder they've cut loose;
The cook shack's out of coffee
And the store's run out of snoos."

Soon after that the ice broke up;
Stores started to arrive,
And the snoos and coffee got there,
While the Swedes were still alive.

Those Scandinavian pioneers
Are the toughest of the tough,
But they simply cannot live without
Their coffee and their snuff.

Note: In early June 1928 while stores were unprocurable during the breaking up of the ice, the Flin Flon Camp ran short of coffee and snuff.